

SONNET L.



WHEN I the hooks of pleasure first
 devoured,
 Which undigested, threaten now to
 choke me; Fortune on me, her golden
 graces showered :
 O then Delight did to delight
 provoke me ! Delight, false
 instrument of my decay !
 Delight the nothing that doth all
 things move ; Made me first wander
 from the perfect way,
 And fast entangled me in the snares
 of love. Then my unhappy happiness,
 at first, began,
 Happy in that I loved the fairest
 Fair; Unhappily despised, a
 hapless man:
 Thus Joy did triumph' Triumph did
 despair! My conquest is, which shall
 the conquest gain ? FIDESSA, author
 both of joy and pain !



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WORK ! work apace, you blessed Sisters
 three !
 In restless twining of my fatal thread. O
 let your nimble hands at once agree,
 To weave it out, and cut it off with speed !
 Then shall my vexed and tormented ghost
 Have quiet passage to the Elysian
 rest! And sweetly over Death and
 Fortune boast,
 In everlasting triumphs with the blest!
 But, ah, (too well I know !) you have
 conspired
 A lingering death for him that loatheth life;
 As if with woes he never could be tired.
 For this, you hide your all-dividing knife.
 One comfort yet, the heavens have assigned
 me ; That I must die, and leave my griefs
 behind me.